ALEXANDER POPE Esq.r

Vanlo pinx. C. Grignion Sculp.

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Claudian's Rufinus:

OR, THE

Court-Favourite's OVERTHROW.

BEING

A Curious and Correct Edition of ONE of the beſt Satyrical POEMS, of ONE of the beſt POETS, on ONE of the Worſt Statesmen that ever liv'd.

Ore legar populi.

Ut pictura poeſis erit, quæ, ſi propiùs ſtes,
Te capiet magis; & quædam, ſi longiùs abſtes:
Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen;
Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

HOR. *de Ar. Po.*

The Second EDITION.

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After-Thought.

AS I have propoſed to raiſe a Subſcription, for this Work, againſt the Time that it comes out compleat, with the Addition of the Second BOOK, of CLAUDIAN's *Satire* againſt RUFINUS, *cum notis variorum*: I imagined, upon ſecond Thoughts, it might not be amiſs here to ſatisfy the *Reader*'s Curioſity, with ſome Hints of the *Argument* upon which the Second BOOK is formed, which is briefly this.

IT repreſents RUFINUS, involving the Empire in Confuſion and War, and aiming at being made himſelf a Colleague and Sharer of the *Imperial Power* with his Sovereign Lord and Maſter. Accordingly, when he appeared among the Soldiers, whom he ſtill imagined to be his Creatures, intending to be proclaim'd and aſcend the *Throne* with *ARCADIUS*, as Joint-Emperor in their Sight; He was deſervedly kill'd in the Attempt by the Soldiers, who had conceived a mortal Hatred to him, for his Treachery to the *beſt* and moſt *indulgent* of Sovereigns. After he was kill'd, his Head was born about upon the Top of a Spear, his mangled Carcaſs was expoſed to the Diſcretion of the enraged Multitude, and every Body ſtrove to get a Piece of him, ſo that his Fleſh and Limbs were torn and broke into Thouſands of little Fragments. But one common Soldier was ingenious in carving his Portion out of him. He cut off his right Hand and carry'd off

that

that whole Member, and by an odd Contrivance managed it ſo, that by pulling the Sinews, he could make the Fingers open and ſhut to graſp any thing, as He had done Bribes. With this He went from Door to Door begging Alms, crying out in *Greek*, *Remember a poor inſatiable Wretch*, and had *Mock-Charity* given him as he ask'd it, by way of *Præmium* for his Ingenuity. What a tragical *Cataſtrophe* is this, and how good a Moral does it teach?

——*Nimios optabat honores*
Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat
Eccelſæ turris fabulata, unde altior eſſet
Caſus, et impulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.

JUV. *Sat.* 10.

THE
Prefatory Introduction,
Addreſs'd to *Alexander Pope*, Eſq; requeſting his Judgment of this extraordinary Piece.

An Account of the AUTHOR.

CLAUDIAN is an Author of ſo conſiderable a Claſs, Rank, and Character in the Letter'd World that, as he has made his Way with Figure, from his own Time, for near four Hundred Years together, down to our Days, ſo he is certain to continue on the ſame Road of Applauſe to the lateſt Poſterity, honoured and admired in every Age, and in every polite Nation, among the firſt and beſt Writers of Antiquity.

SUCH a Number of Commentators Ancient and Modern, ſuch a Crowd of Men of Letters have preſs'd in with their Commendations of him (partly out of Pride to ſhew their own good Taſte and Judgment) placing him next to *Virgil* himſelf, and above all the *Latin* Authors not excepting even Mr. *Pope*'s Favonrite *Statius* himſelf, that as no Body dares for his own Sake, detract from his Praiſe, ſo no Body will venture to ſhew ſo much Self-ſufficiency as to think, at this time of Day, he can add by his own ſingle Capacity to the Weight of that Authority, with which the World has concurred to eſtabliſh the ſame and to give him the ſecond Honours of the *Latin* Laurel.

AND then again, ſeveral pious and learned *Fathers* of the Church have mention'd him with Honour, not only as a delightful, but a moſt uſeful and profitable Poet, on the Account of the Morals which he ſprinkles agreeably throughout all his Works, that it would be vain and ſuperfluous here to attempt the adding of any Thing, at ſo late a Time of the Day as this, to a Reputation ſo long and ſo univerſally eſtabliſhed. When the *Fathers* of the Chriſtian Church agree with all learned Men living at all Times ſince he wrote, that he mingles the beſt Inſtructions, with the moſt exquiſite Delight in his Performances, and ſince the Maſter of the Art and Rules of Poetry bears Teſtimony, that, that Author,

Omne tulit Punctum, qui miſcuit utile Dulci.

What need of more? This Concurrenc of all Ages and different Nations for ſo long a Time, is the

the higheſt, nay it is an irrefragible and infallible Proof of his Merit; and *ſaying any Thing* after that, is *ſaying Nothing*; according to that old frequent Philoſophical Obſervation. *Qui nimium probat nihil probat.*

An Account of the Value put by the Romans *upon this particular Work.*

IT will be only neceſſary to inform the Reader, how diſtinguiſhed a Place this particular Work bears amongſt the many applauded Performances of ſo diſtinguiſhed and ſo celebrated a Poet.

IT was his Friendſhip with STILICO, the then glorious Stateſman, whom he praiſed for overthrowing the Monſter in wicked Craft, and Policy, RUFINUS, that made all *Rome*; nay, and all the *Empire* of *Rome* his Friends. It was the ſevere and rigid ſharpneſs of his Invectives againſt RUFINUS, the Enemy of Mankind, and the Deteſtation and mortal Averſion of STILICO, that made this Poet (who was eminent indeed in the Reign of that good, that excellent Monarch *Theodoſius the Great*) become perfectly beloved, honour'd and careſs'd by his two Imperial Sons, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, as well as by the whole *Roman* Senate, and by the People and Soldiers too univerſally of both Empires; ſo that this very Satire may be ſaid to be the Accompliſhment of his Glory, and the Promotion of his Fame to that Height, in the Enjoyment whereof he ſtands unequal'd

equal'd to this Day, by the ſeveral great Poets, that the whole World has been able to produce, ſince his own, or even ſince *Virgil*'s Time.

He was ſo beloved by theſe Princes and the *Roman* People, that Statues crown'd with Laurel were erected to his Memory in the Market Places, and other publick Parts of *Rome*, and on his Tomb was inſcrib'd a high Encomium ſtyling him the moſt glorious of Poets. It added further, that tho' his Poems were abundantly ſufficient to perpetuate his Fame, yet, to teſtify the Honour they had for him, the moſt learned Emperors of happy Memory, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, did, according to the ſpecial Addreſſes and Requeſt of the Senate, command his Statue to be erected in the *Forum* of the Divine *Trajan*. They aſcrib'd to him the Judgment of *Virgil*, joined with all the Fire of *Homer*, in the following *Greek Diſtich*.

Εἰν ἑνὶ Βιργιλίοιο νόοι καὶ μῶσαν Ὁμήρου
Κλαυδιανῷ Ῥώμη, καὶ βασιλεῖς ἐδέξαν.

How noble a Work then muſt this Satire be, and how muſt it deſerve Acceptance from the World, now it is firſt publiſhed in *Engliſh*; this *Grub-ſtreet* Edition having been tranſlated from a *Latin* Copy, carefully compared with old Authentick Manuſcripts of it, ſtill to be ſeen by the Curious in the *Vatican* and the *Bodleian* Libraries. Sure great Numbers of our Countrymen muſt be glad to purchaſe at ſo cheap a Rate, ſo excellent a Compoſition, which cauſed the *Romans* to pay ſuch extraordinary Veneration to the Author, for having made Virtue ſo lovely and amiable by his

juſt

juſt Praiſes of it in his Hero STILICO, and laſh'd Vice ſo ſeverely, that he made it odious and deteſtable in the Perſon of that proud covetous and cruel Miniſter RUFINUS, who is at laſt deſcribed in ſuch ſtrong Colours to be deſtroy'd for his Villanies, and pull'd Piece-meal by the Soldiers, as a Warning to all others in the moſt exalted Stations, that might have the like evil Inclinations, the like ſtrong Bent and Propenſity to inſatiable *Avarice*, unlimited *Ambition*, unbridled *Inſolence* and *Cruelty*, againſt daring to purſue the like Evil Practices, for fear of meeting with the like bloody, terrible and tragical End.

The Character of this wicked Politician, *who is the Subject of the following* Poem.

HISTORY informs us, that this RUFINUS was Prime Miniſter, and abſolute Top-favourite, that enjoy'd ſingly to himſelf alone the whole Boſoms of the two *Roman* Emperors ſucceſſively, *Theodoſius the Great* and his Son *Arcadius*; into which he inſinuated himſelf by ſtrange Court-crafts and Artifices, and engroſs'd their Royal Favours to his own ſole Uſe.

HE was, it ſeems, of low Extraction and Circumſtances; and after he had made his Friends his *Stirrups* to his Preferment, and mounted the Saddle of Power, he kept them under his Feet. He went upon the Maxim of one of the wicked Miniſters introduc'd to ſay in one of our *Dramas*;

The

The Building Built, down with the Scaffoldage. He was now grown great enough to think himself self-ſufficient, with the chuſing of proper Tools and Creatures, to manage all Things according to his Will by himſelf, ſo uſed his Friends ungratefully, deſpiſed their Families and Children, tho' noble and ancient many of them; and put on Airs of Inſolence, uſing the roughſt and moſt threatning Demeanor, even to the Perſon of his Prince, his Imperial Benefactor.

He put all Poſts and Places out to ſale, as it were by Auction, to the beſt Bidder; ſold, at extravagant Rates, new Titles and Dignities to Men of obſcure Birth; turn'd all great Men, and the old *Roman* Nobility out of Places, and baniſhed all from the King's Preſence, ſome even from the Avenues of the Court, and others quite out of the Empire.

He regulated the Army as he pleaſed, put out and in Officers of his own, chuſing the Creatures of his Will; made whom he pleaſed Judges; Brow-beat the Courts of Judicature, and filled them with Spies, Informers, and falſe Evidences, that were to rob or murder, by Oath, honeſt Men, as he ſhould direct and appoint.

He took Advantage of the *Arian* Hereſy at that Time of Day prevailing, to perſecute and ride ſome of the *Eccleſiaſticks*, and to corrupt and make Tools of others of the then Prieſthood: He undertook to attack and bully, out of his Right Pretenſions, that holy *Father* and *Biſhop* of the Church St. *Ambroſe*, in the vileſt Manner, under Colour and Pretence to pleaſe the Emperor, tho' quite

and

and clean contrary to the Emperor's expreſs Deſire and Command: But the real Reaſon was, becauſe that Biſhop was an Exemplary Saint of a *Chriſtian*, and he himſelf was a *Heathen*, the worſt of *Heathens*, an *Atheiſt* and profeſs'd Contemner of the Divine Almighty Power; and no Eccleſiaſtic, but what turn'd Rebels and Enemies to their God, were admitted as his Friends and Favourites.

POSSESS'D thus of abſolute and ſole Power over the Emperor, the Emperor's whole Court, the Camp, the Courts of Juſtice, the Eccleſiaſticks and the Church, he made his Will his Law, amaſſed immenſe Wealth, tho' not enough for his inſatiable *Avarice*, and look'd upon himſelf as the Lord of his Lord, tho' that ſufficed not his unbounded Ambition, which thirſted after a Power that is not for Man, nor found in this World, and that is immenſe and infinite. He by his good Will would be a ſecond *Lucifer*, and attempt the Throne of the *All-high*; and could be exceeded by nothing but that Arch-Fiend. No Man, tho' never ſo great, dar'd open his Lips, againſt a Perſon in this Situation, who had by theſe Means the *Lives* ane *Fortunes* of all the Subjects of the *Empire* at his Command. What a Subject is this for *Satire*? and yet our *Satyriſt* treats him ſmartly according to his villanous Deſerts, and rewards his infamous Merits with ſevere Records of Poetical Juſtice, that will be perpetual; that ſtigmatize and brand his Memory to all Poſterity; and make his Infamy as unbounded in Time, as his Vices were unbounded in his Wiſhes and Deſires.

The

The Character of STILICO, *the then honeſt* Stateſman, *that overthrew this* Monſter *of Impiety.*

CANNOT be raiſed higher by any Praiſes, than he is raiſed in our Idea; which repreſents him the direct Oppoſite of this RUFINUS, and the only Friend that dare riſe up againſt this Enemy of Mankind, and this Peſt of Human Society. Theſe two are judicially plac'd by the Poet to great Advantage: 'Tis the Dark and the Light in a fine Picture: The Uglineſs and Deformity of a Fiend, and the Beauty and Splendor of a Celeſtial Spirit, are both of them mutually increaſing and increaſed, when ſeen together in one View: It is an advantageous Proſpect, that heightens in the Spectators Hatred and Deteſtation, and Love, and Admiration, as high as they will go, or, as human Nature is capable of entertaining thoſe different Paſſions. There is no giving STILICO any Praiſe equal to his Merit; but in an Exclamation ſuch as our Author uſes in the Poem, which is finely fancied (one would almoſt think beyond Expreſſion, but that *Claudian* has perform'd it, that only could perform it) and as finely expreſſed.

Qua Dignum te laude feram, qui pene ruenti
Lapſuroq; tuos Humeros objeceris orbi
Te nobis, trepidæ ceu ſidus dulce Carinæ,
Oſtendere Dei, geminis quæ Lapſa procellis
Tunditur; & victo trahitur jam cæca Magiſtro.

A modest Appeal to Mr. POPE, about the real Value and Excellency of this Work, and requesting him to give an Impartial Judgment of the Performance.

UPON the Whole, I cannot but think these two contending great Men, the then Heads of the *Eastern* and *Western* World, afford a greater Subject than ever enter'd into the Composition of Epic Satire, either before or since; and, that accordingly *Claudian*'s Satire likewise, is as much above the Satires of all other Satyrical Poets, as his Subject is above all the Subjects that any of them ever chose; I except not those of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, that have been done with Applause, by the most eminent Hands *Jacob Tonson* could procure, to translate them for the Use of the *English* World; and according to what your Friend *B—ston* hints,

The Point is this, with manly Sense and Ease
T'inform the Judgment and the Fancy please:
Praise deserves, *nor difficult the Thing,*
At once to serve one's Country and one's King,
Such Writings bring the Wealthy Tonson *Gain.*

GAIN! Mind that important Additional *and* Editional *Word,* GAIN.

He! Monsieur POPE! Entendez vous bien? And will not you, who is a Brother, help a poor one of the Fraternity of *Grub-street*, with your

Approbation, who for the Honour of the Place has translated and put out a finer Satire than *Jacob Tonſon* ever put forth, or than has been ever publiſh'd in the *Engliſh* Language ſince the Memory of Man, by any Book-ſeller or Author within the Limits of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; not even excepting the DUNCIAD, which you will, if you are impartial, readily own, to be far inferior in the Subject as well as the Management of it, to this Poem; and an Epic Satire that cannot ſtand in Competition with this. When the two BOOKS of this come out (*which I was too poor to publiſh all at once*, a Caſe that ought to move a rich Brother's compaſſionate and generous *Aſſiſtance*, and the *true Reaſon*, of its appearing in this Maner,) with all the learned *Notes* and *Illuſtrations* belonging to them, they will make a larger Volume, as well as more valuable, than the DUNCIAD (which could be put off at *Three Half Crowns*) and yet theſe are intended then to be ſold at the low Price of a Shilling. By your recommending them to a *Subſcription*, who knows but I may get a *Thouſand Pounds* that Way, in Time, thro' ſo powerful a *Recommender*? It is ſaid, *as much* has been got before now at a *Shilling Subſcription*, and the Perſon nam'd to have got it, was our late Friend Sir *Richard Steel*. What has been, may be again; I ſhall begin to have ſome Hopes of not falling ſhort in my Number of *Subſcribers*, if you will but be ſo kind and juſt to merit, to uſe your Intereſt among your *Hundred Thouſand Admirers*, for the ſake of a Piece of *Poetry*, which ought to have more Favour

ſhewn

ſhewn it, than the ſucceſsful Piece I mentioned, which was but a *Proſe-Pamphlet*. I have one Thing more to plead for your Favour in this Point. For I have been ruin'd by having my *bare Name* put down among certain *Nameleſs Names*; ſo that this Work, which has lain by me compleated theſe *Three Years*, was no Book-ſeller's *Money*, and to ſay the Truth, *Claudian* was forc'd to appear by Pieces from *Grub-ſtreet* in this brown coarſe Garb, tho' he has more intrinſick Value in him, you will allow, than moſt ſparkiſh Writers in Town, that appear abroad ſo trimly equip'd in their *Corio turcico deurato*. I know that Poverty is no Recommendation to the Public now-a-Days, according to the true Lines in JUVENAL.

Want *is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,*
And Wit *in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.*

But it is not ſo with you: Beſides you may raiſe my Name, as the DUNCIAD depreſs'd it, it will be only ſaying

That I but ſlightly ſkim'd the ſable Streams,
Then ſoar'd afar among the Swans *of* Thames.

YOU may ſee, I have given my *Grub-ſtreet* Paper a moſt ſounding String of Contents, according to Cuſtom, to make it take with the common People, if you will but give it a good Word

Word, and ſet it a running among the better Sort. In this I have follow'd great *Grub-ſtreet* Examples; and among the reſt your own. For what more *pompous apparatus* could there be put to any *Grub-ſtreet* Paper, than there was to that, you know many Years ago, which deſcribed a wonderful Operation on the Body of one *Crull* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, Your Favourite Friend, who from *a Tale of a Tub*, turn'd Prophet, uſed the ſame *pompous Stile* in his *Bickerſtaffe*'s Predictions: Lord *Rocheſter*'s Mountebank's Speech another Produce of *Grub-ſtreet*, is ſet forth in the ſame *ſublime* and *oſtentatious Stile*. Mr. *Dryden*, *Andrew Marvel*, Lord *Dorſet*, Lord *Roſcommon*, *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, have, all in their Turns, ſeen their Works put out *erafily* by the ingenious Artificers in the ART OF PRINTING, that have their Habitation in *Grub-ſtreet*. By this, they got Fame among the common People at leaſt: All I, of my ſelf, can pretend to aim at: And,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

THUS you have a noble Opportunity, given to a generous Mind to exert it ſelf, in not only reſcuing a poor *Muſe* (that deſerves a better Fate) from dirtying her *Linnen* with the muddy Diſhonours of *Fleet-Ditch*, among the ſooty *Naiades* there, but likewiſe the Body of the Man perhaps, (That as a *Poet* is inſpired with *elevated* Thoughts) from being confined to a *low* Room within the neighbouring Fleet, to prevent which, as he endeavours to get ſomething honeſtly in the way of your

your Profession, which has made you so rich, so he hopes, that, while he addresses you for your Assistance in subscribing his Books, with so much *plain-dealing*, still he shall not address you in vain. Till then, he thinks himself under an Obligation, to assume no higher *Title*, unless otherways permitted by the *Author*, the *Great Poetical Censor of all Dulness*, and *Sole Arbitrary Licenser of all the Presses that are going in the Service of PARNASSUS*; and he will be content to subscribe himself only, what he is allow'd to be in the *Dunciad*, when he was last *new Christen'd* and *dipp'd* in the muddy Lake, One of the lowest,

Of Your Creatures to serve

You (while)

Nameless Name.

P. S. *Notwithstanding what the* Printer *braggs to the Contrary; I know his Edition is not so* correct *as he gives out. Nay, I politically left some Lines out, and pass'd by great Faults in the Manuscripts knowingly and on Purpose, because in the* next Edition *I intend to say,*

With Additions and Corrections.

He! Monsieur Pope! *Entendez vous bien?*

Be merciful therefore, and spare small Trespasses like HORACE, *who says;*

Verum, ubi plura nitent in Carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar Maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavit natura.

RUFINUS

RUFINUS *and* STILICO.

BOOK I.

OFT has this Thought perplex'd my wav'ring Mind,
If Heaven's great Gods gave heed to Human-kind,
Or, no high Pow'r attending Things so low,
Strange Random Chance rul'd ev'ry Change below.
When my Mind's Eye did Nature's Leagues survey,
The Flux and Reflux of the bounded Sea,
The just Vicissitudes of Night and Day;
Amaz'd, convinc'd, I all Things understood
Establish'd by the Counsel of a GOD.
By him the Stars, in order, gild the Skies,
Earth's different Fruits, in diff'rent Seasons, rise.
By His Command, so shines the changeful Moon
With borrow'd Light, and with his own the Sun.
'Tis He, that circling round the Sea did call
The Shore, and in the Centre poiz'd the Ball.
But, when again I cast a curious Eye,
And saw Men's Deeds in dark Confusion lye;

Saw

Saw pious Men perplex'd in impious Times,
While ſmiling Rogues long flouriſh'd in their Crimes,
Stagger'd at once, I fault'ring Faith foregoe
Forc'd and forc'd hard againſt my Will, to go
Into their Sentiments, who boldly ſay,
The Seeds of Things in whirling *Atoms* lay,
Whence ſhuffled Forms, that to New-being ſtart,
Are all by Fortune rul'd, and none by Art.
I thought with them, who or no Gods declare
Or mindleſs, if there be, of Men they are.
RUFINUS' Fall clears Heaven, that ſolves the whole,
And ſtills the ſtruggling Tumults of my Soul.
That impious Men bear Sway, nay Sceptres gain,
I murmur now no more, no more complain:
Like *Meteors* Mount theſe Monſters of the State
Then ſhoot to Ruin with full Force from Fate.
Ye Muſes open to the Poets Eyes,
From what ſad Source this *Humane Plague* could riſe.

Now Towns and Cities taſted general Reſt,
Nations were Friends, and all the World was bleſt.
Alecto, fierce with flaming Envy burn'd,
Man's Peace lamented, and his Pleaſure mourn'd;
Hell's Sifters ſummon'd to her ſooty Throne
Dark, Grim, Deform'd, the Council ghaſtly ſhone;
Unnumber'd *Peſts* of *Erebus* unite,
Sprung from the Noxious Womb of woeful Night.

Fierce

Fierce raging *Famine*, *Diſcord* Nurſe of War,
Old Age ſtill fretful to find Death ſo near,
Sickneſs impatient her own ſelf to bear.
Envy, that, anxious, does all good bewail,
Sorrow, that, penſive, ſhews prodigious pale
Her Tear-ſwoln Viſage, through her tatter'd Veil.
Fear, full of Fancies to herſelf unkind,
Boldneſs, proud, blunt, precipitate, and blind,
Lux'ry, the Raviſher of blooming Health
Unwearyed Waſter of all Worldly Wealth;
Near her pale *Poverty*, too near allied,
With humble Pace crept cloſely at her Side;
Cares without End were there, that kill all Reſt,
Still ſucking Mother *Avarice*'s Breaſt.

ALECTO, now the Seſſion'd Crew reſort,
And gath'ring Mouſters crow'd the ghaſtly Court;
Fix'd in the midſt of that infernal Room,
Bad all the murm'ring Mobb of Hell be dumb.
Behind, ſhe toſs'd each forward-hanging Snake,
That elſe might hinder, when ſhe went to ſpeak,
To curl, hiſs, wreath, and wanton at her Back.
Her hoarſe loud Voice, that pain'd all Ears, expreſs'd
Theſe Deep-pent Paſſions, burſting from her Breaſt.

" THUS ſhall we ſee Time's peaceful Current glide?
" Mortals thus bleſs'd, thus tame their Bliſs abide?

" What riſing Qualms of vapour'd Virtue blind
" The fierce-ey'd Malice of each Fury's Mind?
" Why idly deal we empty Blows in air?
" Why ſmould'ring round us theſe blue Torches glare?
" Sluggards indeed! whom *Jove* forbids the Skies,
" And *Theodoſius* bids his Earth deſpiſe.
" Their golden Age, *curſt Age*! is born again,
" *Concord* and *Peace* reſume their ancient Reign;
" *Virtue* and *Faith* in Pomp deteſted dwell,
" And ſing loud Triumphs o'er our Tribes of Hell:
" But—what ſtrikes, deepeſt to the quick, my Soul,
" Is, that deſcending from her airy *Pole*,
" Juſtice inſults me, laughs me quite to ſcorn;
" That Root and Branch each Fav'rite *Vice* is torn,
" While *Virtue* ſtruts—ſay Hell, ſhall this be borne?
" Nay, daring to the laſt Degree, ſhe draws
" From Dungeons dark the long-impriſon'd Laws.
" And ſhall we ſhamefully for Ages ſleep,
" Repell'd thoſe Realms, which 'tis our Right to keep?
" Up, up, for Shame! as Furies ſhould, engage;
" Teach, teach your wonted Vigour how to rage:
" Be ſome new Crime; ſome precious horrid Deed,
" That's worthy of us all, who meet, decreed.
" For me, Oh might I, what I mean, fulfil,
" Could my whole Pow'r but anſwer half my Will!—
" I burn, I burn to wage celeſtial Wars,
" And would invade, with *Stygian* Clouds, the Stars:

" At

" At one black Blaſt I'd blot the Face of Day,
" Then, at dead dark, unrein the roaring Sea;
" Foaming and flooding it ſhould mount all Mounds,
" Meet rapid Rivers burſting from their Bounds,
" All Nature's elemental Leagues I'd break,
" Till the looſe World ſhould from its Hinges ſhake.

In dire Applauſe of what ſhe dreadful ſaid,
Each Snake, erect, hiſs'd horrid round her Head;
Thoſe ſnaky Locks ſhe ſhook, and baleful Venom ſhed.

With Doubts this Motion fill'd the vulgar Fiends,
War with the Gods the greater Part pretends;
Part feels, for Hell's lov'd ancient Rights, affright,
And dreads the Downfal of the Realms of Night.
Juſt ſuch the Noiſe, that this Diſſention bred,
As troubled Seas toſs'd in their fever'd Bed,
Do croſs the boiling Surface ſurly ſpread.
When ſelf-ingulphing wavy Waters flow,
Fret rave and foam with Rage unbroke below,
Tho', broke, the Winds above ſcarce ſeem to blow.
Long o'er wav'd Surges, murm'ring ſweep, behind,
Faint wearyed Foot-ſteps of the falling Wind.

Now ſtudious mighty Miſchiefs to create,
Megera roſe from Grief's engendering Seat:
'Tis her's, to draw blind Souls to Sins prophane,
And with mad Rage to fill the Minds of Men.

'Tis her's on Women's Passions Wars to wage
'Till their sweet Forms foam frightful into Rage;
Of Kindred slain the Carnage is her Food,
And her best Bev'rage near Relations Blood;
Either some Son's spilt by some Father's Blade,
Or Brother's, that a Brother had betray'd.
She bad the Dart, which shook at the Command,
Fly fatal forth from *Athamas* his Hand;
She drunk with Rage at *Agamemnon*'s Court,
Rais'd, from alternate Murders, cruel Sport.
She *OEdipus* his Mother's Husband made,
She to *Thyestes*'s Bed his Child convey'd,
And thus in Words, whose Sounds struck Horror, said:

" Too weak our Pow'rs, and too vast the Odds,
" For us, I fear, O Friends, to fight the Gods:
" But would you spread to the last Verge of Earth
" The Death of Nations, swifter than their Birth:
" I have a Prodigy of Plagues in store,
" To whose rich Rage the *Hydra*'s Rage is poor:
" Fierce flyes he like the *Tigress* big with young,
" Strong as black *Northern* Blasts he drives along.
" Sharper than *Harpies*, wilder than the Stream
" Whose Tide's most wild; RUFINUS *is his Name!*
" When reeking from his Dam's rank Womb he fell,
" This Lap receiv'd the new-spawn'd Brat of Hell:
" The hopeful Imp in this dark Bosom crawl'd,
" This livid Neck with strain'd Embraces hawl'd,
" And for these rivel'd Dugs he loudly bawl'd.

" With

" With three fork'd Tongues, meanwhile, each Serpent
seems,
" Busy to lick to form his Infant Limbs,
" I nurs'd him up to Acts of deadly Hate,
" From me he suck'd in, with his Milk, Deceit;
" He'd play in Malice at his Infant Years,
" But full-grown Rancour in the Man appears:
" He'll strain all Mischiefs to the Stretch of Art,
" Feign sacred Faith to play the Villain's Part.
" The genteel Butcher wears a Courtier's Smile
" Can with a most becoming Grace beguile;
" Yet fiercely all, that falls within his Pow'r,
" With Lust of Lucre, Glutton-like devour.
" Should welcome Tempests on the *Tagus* blow,
" 'Till, rich by Storms, the Gold-stain'd waters flow
" While Hills of glitt'ring Sands they upwards throw.
" Those Streams, tho' Mountain-high those Streams
should roll,
" Can't slake the Thirst of his Hydropick Soul.
" Its liquid Treasure should *Pactolus* pour,
" And all exhausted *Hermus* add its Store;
" Still hot, still fev'rish, he would thirst for more.
" 'Twould charm malignant Hearts to see his Skill,
" When he winds up each vast Extreme of ill:
" Dext'rous 'mongst fondest Friends; what Feuds he
throws;
" How makes sworn Brothers the most mortal Foes!

" In

" In early Days, among the Sons of Men,
" Had but one *Monſter-man*, like him, been ſeen:
" *Theſeus* had left *Perithous* to his Fate,
" And ſowr'd ſweet Friendſhip to corroding Hate:
" At mad *Oreſtes*, *Pylades* had rag'd,
" And *Pollux* againſt *Caſtor* ſtood engag'd:
" HisMiſtreſs I, thoſe Arts, I taught him, own
" By his ſuperior wicked Wit outdone.
" All all our Crimes, what boots it more to tell?
" Tranſcendent in this glorious Villain dwell,
" Who ſingly rivals the Joint-pow'rs of Hell.
" Him, if this wiſe Aſſembly ſo exhort,
" I'll make the World's chief Monarch call toCourt.
" Than *Numa* theDivine, though graver He
" Nay though a *Minos*, (as he may) he be;
" He, by our *Craftſman*'s Rules, ſhall form his Sway
" Trepann'd himſelf within the Trains he'l lay.

LIFTING their Hands prophane, the impious Rout
Clap her vile Speech, and raiſe a rueful ſhout.
Pregnant with Ill, applaud her darkDeſigns
And praiſe the Plot ſuch Policy refines.
With a blue Snake ſhe girds her Garments round
Her Hair in Knots with Adamant ſhe bound.
Now flaming *Phlegethon* the Witch explores
And on the Brimſtone Lake's burnt marly Shores.

A Beacon-Pine ſhe fires, whoſe baleful Glare,
Lights her long Wings to laſh Hell's lazy Air,
And ſwift ſhe paſs'd the dark Dominions there.

A Place there lies in *Gallia*'s bounded Land
Loſt is in riſing Seas its laſt ſtretch'd Strand:
Here Victim-blood *Ulyſſes* ſprinkling round
Rais'd whole pale Regions ſleeping under Ground:
Here ſtrange odd ſounds of Spirits frequent are,
Shrilling through hollow Winds they ſcream in Air;
The Plowman ſweats, untir'd, with meer ſurprize,
Whilſt wide o'er Furrows ſtalking Ghoſts he ſpies,
Sees Phantoms float in Air, a frightful Scene,
There Sprights glide ſhadowy croſs the darkning Green
Through this Earth's haunted Gulph, ſhe forc'd her Way,
And from a Troop of Ghoſts, aſpir'd to Day:
On, as ſhe ſhoots, a Gloom ſtill ſhooting on
Blots the beam'd ſplendor of the ſickning Sun:
Sounds, to which mortal Ears are ſtrangers, fly
Through the rent Regions of the ſhiv'ring Sky:
Ev'n diſtant *Britain* felt the Tempeſt roar,
Pale ſhook her whitening Cliffs from Shore to Shore:
More, than if Earthquakes ſprung that length of Mine,
Shook all the trembling Fields along the *Seine*:
The Sea revolv'd, did its ſtrong Courſe forgoe,
Flat ſunk the rapid *Rhine* and fear'd to flow.

Now

Now to gray Hairs she chang'd her native Snakes,
And a grave *Veteran*'s reverend Form she takes:
False Furrows on her lying Face are seen,
Limping her Gait and languid is her Mien:
Thus the Mock-cripple, still worse Parts to play
To fam'd *Elyza*'s Turrets halts her Way:
And now arriv'd does much and long survey,
With envious Eyes, the Man, whose monstrous Parts
Made him transcend her in her own black Arts.
Him, with malignant Joy, the Fury Fir'd,
Curs'd while she view'd; but, while she curs'd, admir'd
This in her Thought;—Far other Thoughts she broke;
When she, the Champion of the Fiends, bespoke.

" Can thee Rufinus, lazy Life delight,
" Would'st thou inglorious, would'st thou screen'd from Sight
" Thy pretious Days in Fields paternal end,
" Youth's blooming Beauty waste and Glory spend?
" Ah! thou nor know'st thy Fate, nor know'st thy Stars,
" Nor know'st what Fortune for thy Lot prepares.
" My Will alone thou haste but to obey
" And o'er the willing World thou bear'st the Sway:
" Do not these Joynts, tho' weak with Age, despise
" For strong my Magick, and my Mind is wise,
" My Eye of Reason, thro' Ideal Day,
" Darts into future Times clear Foresight's Ray.

" I know

" I know the Charms, by which *Theſſalians* move
" The Moon to leave the darken'd Spheres above:
" Know what each Sign of flight-ful *Egypt* bodes,
" And by what Arts *Chaldeans* rule the Gods.
" I of all Trees the latent Juices know,
" And fatal Force of all the Herbs that grow.
" On *Caucaſus*, or *Scythia*'s rocky Ground,
" Not that green Weed of Poiſon can be found;
" Which, not as well as fierce *Medea*, I,
" Or crafty *Circe*, to the full deſcry.
" Oft, by the Force of my enchanting Strain,
" I've bid the buried Body live again.
" As oft the living murder'd with a Song
" Tho' in the *Parca*'s Hand their Thread was long:
" Made rooted Oaks run wandering to and fro,
" and bid the whiſtling Winds forget to blow.
" Forc'd foaming Floods with backward Tides to turn,
" And unexpected croud their frighted Urn,
" But leſt you think, as think, perhaps, you may,
" What I ſo greatly ſpeak, I vainly ſay,
" By my Command, your Palace chang'd ſurvey.

Sun ſaid, when, ſtraight, gilt Iv'ry Pillars riſe,
And rich with ſudden Lightning daze his Eyes;
Beams ſhoot ſwift croſs the Cieling's ſhiney Mould
Fretted and glitt'ring all with burniſh'd Gold.
His fix'd Eyes, feeding Pride, feaſt on the Bait,
He gorg'd with Glutton-hopes the gay Deceit.

Such, *Midas*, miſer King! his Pride was ſuch,
When all Things chang'd obey'd his ſov'reign touch,
But, when rich Viands, ſmiſſ'ning, e'er he ate,
Grown of a Piece with their containing Plate,
Shew'd his Eyes Metal, where his Mouth ſought Meat;
When froze to yellow Ice he did behold
The Glaſs, Wine, Water turn tranſparent Gold,
Then, nor 'till then, the cruel Gift he felt,
Unwiſh'd his Wiſh, would have the Metal melt,
His flaming Folly curs'd, and golden Guilt.

" My Soul's whole Pow'rs ſtand ſo ſubdu'd, ſaid he,
" That if ſome Man, as Man you ſeem, you be,
" Or rather ſome diſguis'd deſcending God,
" Point where you pleaſe, I'll try the pointed Road.

The Witch directs; he flies, as ſhe ordains,
Where orient *Phebus* gilds the Eaſtern Plains.
When, with ſucceſsful Miſchief, ſafely led,
By a curs'd Clue of Fate's directing Thread,
He paſs'd his Journey, to the Court arriv'd,
There ſoon by Arts, which thrive in Courts he thriv'd;
Straight reign'd Ambition, Right began to fail,
And Poſts and Places all were ſet to Sale.
Blazing their Secrets, he his Suitors cheats;
Begs Titles from his Prince, new Lords creates,
Gives them new Names, and takes their old Eſtates.
Where of the leaſt Offence he catches hold,
He fines the poor Offender forty fold:

He

He ſtifles riſing Mercy, and improves
Each turn of Thought that Royal Vengeance moves:
Where his Spite ſtrikes — Death waits on ev'ry Blow,
Slight Wounds turn mortal, and green Gangrenes grow.

Just as the Sea, which Streams unnumber'd feed,
Thoſe Streams or needs not, or not ſeems to need;
Though here he ſwallows *Iſter*'s foaming Courſe
There drinks down *Nile* pour'd from his ſevenfold Source;
Their watry Tributes, He nor feels, nor knows,
But on, with equal Majeſty, he flows:
So Tides of Gold, tho' pour'd from ev'ry Coaſt,
In his wide Gulph of *Avarice* are loſt.
Who e'er of Jewels held a ſparkling ſtore,
Or Farms, that yielded much, and promis'd more,
Soon knew RUFINUS, and as ſoon grew poor.
Once barren Lands provok'd the Plowman's Curſe,
But now they find that fruitful Fields are worſe.
Well might rich Land-lords ſad and ſighing ſpy
Their heapy Harveſts, with a heavy Eye,
When, to be rich, was, to deſerve to die.
Some from their Father's Fields he drives away,
And makes both Houſe and *Houſehold-Gods* his Prey:
Some he'll their Lives, but none their Livings ſpare,
Moſt he deſtroys, and makes himſelf their Heir.
The publick Wealth, which trading Cities gain'd,
Was by this Tyrant's private Coffers drain'd.

Whole groaning Nations to his Yoke betray'd,
Resign'd their Treasure, and with Tears obey'd.
He Heaps on Heaps, Day after Day, does hoard,
And a World's Ruins in one House are stor'd.

How far rash Madman, would'st push Fortune's Claim,
How far rush headlong and with bootless Aim?
Had'st thou the Treasures, that both Oceans yield,
Had'st thou the Springs, that glitt'ring *Lydia* gild,
With all their yellow Stores, to thee resign'd,
And *Cyrus'* Throne with *Crœsus'* Crown conjoyn'd,
Yet would'st thou not be rich with all these Gains,
But prove poor *Avarice's* carking Pains.
If Men have ne'er so much, yet wish for more,
That Mood of wishing keeps them truely poor.
Content with humble but with honest Things,
See brave *Fabricius* scorns the Bribes of Kings:
Serranus, sweating, the hard Plow commands
The labouring Consul turns the lumpy Lands;
The noble *Curij* narrow Cotts contain,
Who best have fought, live best upon the Plain.
Rapt with such glorious Sights, there seems to me
Something Augustly Grand in honest Poverty.
These Roofs so low, with Rev'rence strike my Eye,
More than thy Domes so large, that Tour so high.
While noxious *Luxury* corrupts thy Blood
With fiery Liquors and inflaming Food,

I, while

I, while thou buy'ſt what gives Diſeaſes birth,
Draw unbought Dainties from the wholeſome Earth:
Deep dy'd with *Tyrian* Juice thy Fleeces flow,
Thy painted Veſts with gloſſy Purple glow,
O'er flow'ry Groupes here radiant Beauty reigns,
And living Pleaſures fills the laughing Plains:
Which, as their Soils with different Genius call,
All different Dreſſes wear and charm in all.
You lye where ſilver Pedeſtals uphold
Rich Sleepleſs Beds, all canopy'd with Gold,
We ſleep with ſoft ſweet Herbage ſpread beneath,
Calm, careleſs, hush'd, as in the Arms of Death.
What Noiſes with thy crowding Levees come,
That ring long Ecchoes through the ſounding Dome?
Here warbling Birds each country Waker call,
And Waters, that with murm'ring Muſick fall.
How ſweet to live in this low little Way!
Thus Nature tells us all, that will, we may
Be happy, if true Happineſs we chuſe,
And Nature's Gifts, as Nature teaches, uſe.
Did we theſe Notions cheriſh as we ſhou'd
Plain Dreſs would pleaſe us beſt, and ſimple Food.
The War's loud Trumpets then would ceaſe to blow,
No Sail of Ships, no Fleets to Sea would go;
No Sailors, fearing wat'ry Graves to find,
The hard-tugg'd Tackling would be bound to bind
While Maſts, Sails, Cables, crackle in the Wind,

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While Maſts, Sails, Cables, crackle in the Wind,

No Storms by Sea would the ſtrong Rudder break
Nor Rains by Land the tott'ring Rampires ſhake,
But from one Thirſt now many Thirſts ariſe;
Who lov'd to take now thirſts to taſte the Prize,
Whate'er he asks or forces, 'tis the ſame,
In both he's guilty of the like Extream,
In both he breaks all Bounds and knows no Shame.
He with ſoft Blandiſhments ſmooths murd'ring Lyes,
For ſacred Oaths, paſſes black Perjuries:
In ſolemn Treaties weaves ſome ſham Deſign,
More to divide the Friends, he feigns to joyn.
If, once, in one of theſe rapacious Aims,
In one Deſire he fails, his Fury flames.
What Lioneſs, that feels the new thrown Dart,
Whil'ſt quiv'ring Motions urge the tingling Smart,
What Tigreſs, that *Hyrcanian* Deſarts nurſe,
Seizing ſome Wretch, that ſeiz'd her young Ones firſt,
What trodden Serpent rouz'd by mere Surprize
Into like Fury, with his Fury, flies?
He all the Gods blaſphemes, by whom he ſwore,
And Heav'ns high Majeſty he minds no more.
Void of Reſpect to Families does fall
On Husband, Children, Wife, nor can theſe all
Husband, Wife, Children his wild Rage rebate,
Satiate his Anger, or ſuffice his Hate:
Nor is't enough, that thoſe, who know them, know
The Pangs of pinching Want and pining Woe,
To Death, all Friends of thoſe, he hates, muſt go.

Nor

Nor will this do, their Town and Townſmen muſt
Theſe all be ſlain, and that laid low in Duſt:
Raz'd from Records their Names no more be ſeen,
As no ſuch People liv'd or Place had been.
This Murd'rer too, in Murders, skill imploys,
Studies new Pangs, and ev'ry Pang enjoys:
Dungeons and Darkneſs Penalties and Pains,
Vary thoſe Captive's Woes, that wear his Chains.
No ſtroke of Grace his Malice will afford,
Nor ſend the kindly executing Sword.
Is *Death* ſo great a Boon it comes ſo ſlow?
He thinks it ſo it ſeems, and thinking ſo,
To ſpin out Grief ſuſpends Fate's friendly Blow;
Cruelly clement, for mere ſpite he ſpares,
And lengthens out the Life he'd load with Cares:
That unjuſt Cauſes juſt Men may undoe,
He acts as Witneſs, Judge, and Jury too.
Slow to all Good, but ſwift to act all Crimes
To diſtant Regions and remoteſt Climes
Unwearied, he thro' trackleſs Wilds would go,
Of burning Sands and Blood-congealing Snow.
Nor *Northern* Froſts, not *Sirius'* flaming Force
Reſtrains his Journey, or retards his Courſe.
Inly he burns with fiercer Flames of Ire,
Fears, leſt one Foe ſhould 'ſcape the Sword or Fire:
Fears leſt *Auguſtus*, ſhould he once loſe time,
Might melt to Mercy and forgive a Crime.

Not tendereſt Years can mollify his Rage,
Nor has he Bowels for declining Age:
Youth's Necks, before their Father's tear-dim'd Eyes,
The Axe does make a reeking Sacrifice:
The Conſul-Sire ſurvives his ſlaughter'd Son
To *Roam* an Exile for his Bread alone:
Such bloody Deaths, ſuch Butcheries who can bear,
To tell with Patience, or with Patience hear?
What equal Inſtances can quoted be,
From the *Red* Records of Barbarity?
Scinis, who how to make *Trees* Murd'rers found,
And *Sciron*, dreadful with his Rocks, profound:
And *Sulla*'s Dungeons, *Phalaris* his Bull
Are now mere Nothings, Fables void and null.
No more, O *Diomed*, thy Steeds are wild,
Thy Altars, O *Buſiris*, all are mild.
You, *Cinna*, *Sparthace*, both pious are,
If you with our RUFINUS we compare.
Dejected Realms with hidden Hatred burn,
But bury Paſſions and in private mourn.
Inly they ſob, and choak the painful Sighs,
While, kill'd by Fear, their outward Anger dies:
Doubly they ſuffer, who diſſembling Grief
Burſt inwards, nor durſt groan for mere relief,

Nor thus brave STILICO;—his Mind does hold
Free from ſuch fear in conſcious Virtue bold:
Alone he ſtands with Head and Heart elate,
Though the ſtrong Tempeſt ſhakes the troubl'd State:

He,

He, while It does its jaws deſtructive part,
At the wild Beaſt of *Rapine*, hurls the Dart:
Hurls Dart on Dart, nor ſaves himſelf by Speed,
Nor rides with guiding Reins the flying Steed.
To him the wearyed fly; his gen'rous Breaſt
Crowns all their Wiſhes, and ſecures their Reſt;
He is their Tow'r of Defence, their Shield,
That bids Defiance to War's moving field:
To him all frighted Fugitives retreat,
With him they find that Goodneſs keeps her Seat
Sole Foe to *Fury*, does he gently reign,
The *Righteous* born to ſave and Right maintain.
Stop'd by this *Chief*, the Monſter threats to fight,
Yet he holds back, hangs ſo far hid from ſight,
His lying ſtill was little leſs than flight.
So ſwells ſome Torrent wild with Wintry Rains,
Breaks o'er the Banks and pours along the Plains.
In the broad Waters broken Bridges ſwim,
Nor can wide Foreſts ſtop the ſtrengthening ſtream:
Widening and deep'ning Ruſhes on the flood,
And flaſhing falls the Foliage of the Wood:
But if it meets ſome Mount rough-ribb'd with Rock,
It foams for Vent, it feels the furious ſhock;
Parting its watry Pow'rs, wide, fierce, profound,
Ruſh round that Mount, and roar with thund'ring Sound.
What Praiſes are thy Due, who thus, when all
Dreaded Deſtruction, when this Earthly Ball,

Shook, to new *Chaos* trembling to be hurl'd,
With *Atlas-ſhoulders* prop'd the tott'ring World?
Thee the Gods ſhew'd us, kind they ſhew'd us thee,
Sweet as ſome Star to Ships diſtreſs'd at Sea,
Which, toſs'd 'twixt Winds and Tides, at random go,
And tumbling, dubious, dread the Depths below,
That *this* Side threaten, and then *that* to whelm,
While blind with Fear and Night, pale Pilots quit the Helm.

On the red Sea, in Story *Perſeus* fam'd
Fell Monſters riſing from the Ocean tam'd,
But Wings in ſafety bore him through the Sky,
Thou haſt no Wings, wants, none, nor need'ſt to fly:
Perſeus, protected, the ſtrong *Gorgon* held,
But no *Meduſa*'s Hair inchants thy Shield.
He, by mean Luſt, was to the Battle preſt,
And claſp'd the ranſom'd Virgin to his Breaſt.
But thy brave Breaſt burns for the Peace of *Rome*,
Hence let excell'd Antiquity be dumb;
Let it all bold Compariſons decline,
Nor match its *Hercules* his Acts with thine.
One Lion only graz'd *Cleone*'s Wood,
One Bear, *Arcadia*'s, ravag'd for his Food,
And thou *Antæus*, from thy Mother-Ground
Gath'ring new Strength, at each repeated bound,
Ne'er waſt beyond the *Lybian* Limits found.
Crete's Iſle alone, one thund'ring Bull did ſhake,
And *Hydra* ſtood confin'd to *Lerna*'s Lake:

Far as the *Roman* Arms extend their Sway,
Quite to the ſetting Sun, from riſing Day,
He breeds new Panicks and he ſpreads Diſmay.
This Monſter, not *Geryon*, could excel
With his three Heads, nor he that's ſaid to dwell,
The Three-mouth'd Porter in the Gates of Hell.
Chimæra, *Hydra*, *Scylla*, joyn'd in one,
With all their Terrors, he exceeds alone

HARD was your Conflict on each Side, and ſtrong,
Full much the Battle bled and laſted long:
But how unlike your Manners in the Fight,
'Twixt Wrong offenſive and defenſive Right!
How foul his Crimes, thy Virtue, looks how bright!
He threatens Death, but threatens it in vain,
Thoſe Threats you ſilence, and thoſe Deaths reſtrain;
He robs the Rich, the poor grow rich by you;
He waſtes, you build; he fights, and you ſubdue.
When raw in Miſchief, Infant Plagues commence,
They firſt give Flocks and Herds but ſlight Offence,
But ſoon grow mortal; — and as ſoon forget
Sick Bulls to bellow, dying Sheep to bleat:
Then, Death ſpreads, riſes, ſcorns low ſingle Stakes,
Whole Tribes it ſweeps, and peopl'd Towns he takes.
The Winds ſmell parch'd, the Air, with ſultry Steams,
Sweating blue Plagues, skins o'er the infected Streams;
'Till ev'ry common Draught, and common Breath
Muſt ſuck in Poiſon, and muſt ſnuff up Death.

So the vaſt Pirate ſcorns each petty Prize,
Nor robs to ruin ſingle Families,
The Wealth of Provinces he luſts to take,
Would make crown'd Kings, and ſcepter'd Nations ſhake.
Mowing down Hoſts, he burns to overcome
Th' unnumber'd Forces of Imperial *Rome*.
For this he num'rous Nations ſtrives to raiſe,
Thro' which the far-ſtretch'd *Iſtrian* River ſtrays;
Whole Clouds of *Scythians* gather to his Aid,
The reſt are all to hoſtile Arms betray'd.
Into his Camp fierce Crowds *Sarmatia* pours,
But mix'd with fiercer ſtill, the *Dacian* Pow'rs:
The *Maſſagetes*, who ſtab their Steeds for Food,
Chaw the raw quiv'ring Fleſh, and quaff the Blood.
The hardy *Alans*, who, upon the Brink
Of froze *Mœotis*, tap the Ice for Drink,
And the *Gelonians*, who with Pride reveal
Limbs painted red, and ſculp'd with pointed Steel;
Theſe all collected form his barb'rous Band,
And bold RUFINUS boaſts the wild Command.

THIS Race of Men the Eaſt of *Scythia* bred,
Where ſhiv'ring *Tanais* rears his Snow-bound Head;
Than them no Men more bold, more barb'rous are
That draw rough Influence from the Northern Bear.
Habits of horrid Guiſe their Limbs infold
And their foul Forms are hideous to behold:

In

In hard long Labours, ſtubborn to the End,
Their Hearts no Toils can tire, no Dangers bend;
Bread they eat none, but make raw Food their Prey,
Bloodſhed their Sport, and Fratricide their Play:
But he moſt happy boaſts his barb'rous Pride,
Who ſwears himſelf, with truth, a Paricide:
So fit for Arms, they on their Horſes ſhow,
As if one Beaſt did from the other grow;
Not Cloud-born *Centaurs* ſeem more truely ſo.
Rough without Order, unreclaim'd and rude,
To Arms ruſh'd this unruly Multitude.
Yet againſt theſe you march with dauntleſs Soul,
Far as rough *Heber's* foaming Waters roll;
Thus firſt preferring a moſt pious Pray'r,
Before the Trumpets ſound or Swords are bare.

" O *Mars*, or crown'ſt thou *Hæmus* high that ſhrowds
" Its Sight-ſought Summit loſt in circling Clouds:
" Or ſit'ſt on *Rodope's* fair rev'rend Brow
" Hoary with Froſts, and white with Silv'ry ſnow:
" Or on *Pangæa's* Tree-thick Top reſides,
" That caſts brown ſhades down all its darken'd ſides,
" O! join with me, O! guard thy fav'rite race,
" And, O! protect thy Sons, the Sons of *Thrace*:
" If Wars beſt Glories to our ſides incline,
" Then ſhall tall Oaks, adorn'd with ſpoils be thine:

The Warriors Pray'r, the Sire of Battles heard,
High from the Snow-fleec'd rocks of *Hæmus* rear'd:

Loud

Loud Accents thus his ſtern Commands declare
To the dread Train, his Miniſters of War.

" HERE, quick, my Helmet, here *Bellona*, bring
" My Chariot Wheels, let ghaſtly terror wing,
" With crooked Scythes of *Death*; let pale *Affright*,
" Harneſs my rapid Courſers, fit for fight.
" Be quick, and ready make the Warrior car,
" For STILICO prepar'd Demands the War.
" My STILICO, who, ſure as Battle joins,
" So ſure with Trophies neighb'ring Oaks inſhrines;
" So ſure ſuſpends rich Off'rings made to me,
" The *Creſts* of hoſtile *Heroes* on the tree.
" Still the ſame *Trumpet* ſound for both *Alarms*,
" Still the ſame *Signal* calls us both to *Arms*.
" His moving *Tents* I ſtill regard as mine,
" And to his *Troops* my thund'ring Chariot join.

SWIFT down the *Steep* his winged Chariot rode,
Then ruſhing thro' the Camp it wheel'd the God.
Here STILICO, there *Mars* puſh o'er the Plain,
And, turn'd before them, drive the trembling Train.
Alike their Bulk, alike their Bucklers are,
On each bright *Helmet* nods the horſes hair,
Like ſome branch'd Comet or ſome bearded *Star*:
As from their Fury, flying *Foes* retreat,
With hot Purſuit their Breaſt-plates *ſeem* to ſweat.
Red were their Spears, and the wet *Cornel-wood*
Soak'd in repeated Wounds grew drunk with Blood.

MEAN-

MEANTIME *Megæra* pleas'd with Miſchiefs View,
Who, more ſhe gain'd her Wiſh, more fierce in Wiſhes grew,
Sad ſorrowing *Juſtice* in a Watch 'tow'r found,
Whom her ill tongue thus teaz'd with taunting ſound.

" SEE how the golden Glories of your reign,
" Juſt as you thought, roll on in Peace again:
" For us poor Pow'rs, we muſt give way to Peace,
" No room for *Furies* now where Diſcords ceaſe:
" See, pray now, ſee pray yonder turn your Eyes,
" How fall yon Walls, ſee how yon flames ariſe.
" What heaps of ſlaughter, ſtreams of Blood-ſhed, ſee,
" My brave RUFINUS immolates to me?
" How feaſt my *Snakes*; fat Carnage for their food,
" How ſuck Hell's-Leeches, till they burſt with blood.
" Leave, leave Mankind to me; my Lot reſign,
" By their Contentions Nature meant them mine.
" Back to your Stars your airy Regions fly,
" Take your Autumnal ſeat, and rule the Sky.
" O might I but high Heav'ns broad Convex trace,
" And there purſue thee, and there break thy Peace.

JUSTICE replies, " On me mad Vaunts are loſt,
" Much art thou vain, but haſt not long to boaſt.
" Yet, yet a little, and behold the time,
" When dear thy *Minion* pays for ev'ry Crime:
" Swift at his Heels a juſt Avenger flies,
" *Hear, learn* and *know*; HE that ſtorms Earth and Skies,
" Dies ſoon; and, barr'd from common Burial, dies.

" Then

" Then the glad Age ſhall its wiſh'd Lord receeive,
" And in *Honorius* Boaſt a Chief to have,
" Great like his Father, like his Brother brave.
" For thee, he'll thee in Chains of Iron lay,
" For ever baniſh'd from the ſight of Day :
" Thou, with thy ſnaky Locks ſhav'd off, ſhalt dwell
" Included cloſe in loweſt Cliffs of Hell.
" Then Mother Earth, for all her Sons ſhall bear
" Life's favours, free and common as the Air.
" No Land-marks then ſhall portion out the Ground,
" No furrows, made by crooked Ploughs, be found :
" *Surpriz'd* the *Shepherds* ſhall rejoice to ſee,
" Without the Aid of Midwife Induſtry,
" Nature, unpain'd, nay pleas'd, ſhoot ſpringing Corn,
" And ſudden Harveſts, without Labour, born.
" Sweet honey ſhall the Oaks, like Dew, diſtil,
" Fat flowing Oil the ſleek-ſtream'd Lakes ſhall fill.
" Rich Wines, thro' Channels, Earth's free Cell'ridge, ſtray,
" And purple ſtreams with foaming Eddies play.
" No flocks ſhall dip their fleece in *Tyrian* Dyes,
" Sheep Princely clad ſhall 'maze the ſhepherd's Eyes :
" While the red ſprings of Life all warm and full
" Shall puſh ſpontaneous forth the bluſhing Wool.
" As Moſs new Dew-drop'd, ſilv'ry ſpangled ſeems,
" So through all Oceans vaſt expanded ſtreams,
" Shall the green Sea-weed ſhine, with genuine Gems.

FINIS.

29 34 SEP